

The Holy Bible — KJV

Red Letter Edition

JOB: Chapter 41

41:1 Canst thou draw out leviathan with an hook? or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down?

41:2 Canst thou put an hook into his nose? or bore his jaw through with a thorn?

41:3 Will he make many supplications unto thee? will he speak soft words unto thee?

41:4 Will he make a covenant with thee? wilt thou take him for a servant for ever?

41:5 Wilt thou play with him as with a bird? or wilt thou bind him for thy maidens?

41:6 Shall the companions make a banquet of him? shall they part him among the merchants?

41:7 Canst thou fill his skin with barbed irons? or his head with fish spears?

41:8 Lay thine hand upon him, remember the battle, do no more.

41:9 Behold, the hope of him is in vain: shall not one be cast down even at the sight of him?

41:10 None is so fierce that dare stir him up: who then is able to stand before me?

41:11 Who hath prevented me, that I should repay him? whatsoever is under the whole heaven is mine.

41:12 I will not conceal his parts, nor his power, nor his comely proportion.

41:13 Who can discover the face of his garment? or who can come to him with his double bridle?

41:14 Who can open the doors of his face? his teeth are terrible round about.

41:15 His scales are his pride, shut up together as with a close seal.

41:16 One is so near to another, that no air can come between them.

41:17 They are joined one to another, they stick together, that they cannot be sundered.

41:18 By his neesings a light doth shine, and his eyes are like the eyelids of the morning.

41:19 Out of his mouth go burning lamps, and sparks of fire leap out.

41:20 Out of his nostrils goeth smoke, as out of a seething pot or caldron.

41:21 His breath kindleth coals, and a flame goeth out of his mouth.

41:22 In his neck remaineth strength, and sorrow is turned into joy before him.

41:23 The flakes of his flesh are joined together: they are firm in themselves; they cannot be moved.

41:24 His heart is as firm as a stone; yea, as hard as a piece of the nether millstone.

41:25 When he raiseth up himself, the mighty are afraid: by reason of breakings they purify themselves.

41:26 The sword of him that layeth at him cannot hold: the spear, the dart, nor the habergeon.

41:27 He esteemeth iron as straw, and brass as rotten wood.

41:28 The arrow cannot make him flee: slingstones are turned with him into stubble.

41:29 Darts are counted as stubble: he laugheth at the shaking of a spear.

41:30 Sharp stones are under him: he spreadeth sharp pointed things upon the mire.

41:31 He maketh the deep to boil like a pot: he maketh the sea like a pot of ointment.

41:32 He maketh a path to shine after him; one would think the deep to be hoary.

41:33 Upon earth there is not his like, who is made without fear.

41:34 He beholdeth all high things: he is a king over all the children of pride.
